

## Stephen Kellogg "Thirteen"

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“How old are you?” she called to us  
Fresh off the bus to Washington DC  
Blonde hair and her friend’s was black  
With a blue backpack and a plaid skirt to her knees

She seemed so confident back then  
French kissing boys into men  
Vacation came to an end  
Hey now Holly where you been?

“You know we come here every year  
How long you here in Washington DC?”  
“Just three days,” I made her smile and her  
girlfriend too  
That was my best friends blues and the tragedy of me

She seemed so confident back then  
French kissing boys into men  
Vacation came to an end  
Hey now Michelle where you been?

When I was thirteen it seemed to me  
That there would always be another girl to meet  
There was no rush and I’d always blush  
And it felt so good to take it seriously  
When I was thirteen I saw it on the screen  
The way that I should be, another girl to meet  
We were cleaner then and more innocent  
There’s nothing so unlucky about being thirteen

The day would always come  
When we would have to say goodbye  
Sometimes she would cry and I would ached from all  
the pride  
The last night we’d stay out late, hold hands and  
curse fate,  
We would try to slow down time

She seemed so confident back then  
French kissing boys into men  
Vacation came to an end  
Hey now Christa where you been?

She seemed so confident back then  
French kissing boys into men  
I wish my vacation never had to end  
Hey now baby where you been?

She's so fine. She was mine  
Back then the girls were the shit

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